

IN THE HANDS OF THE HUNS

ACCOUNT OF FIFTEEN MONTHS' IMPRISONMENT AT

RUHLEBEN

BRITISH CIVIL PRISONER OF WAR

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



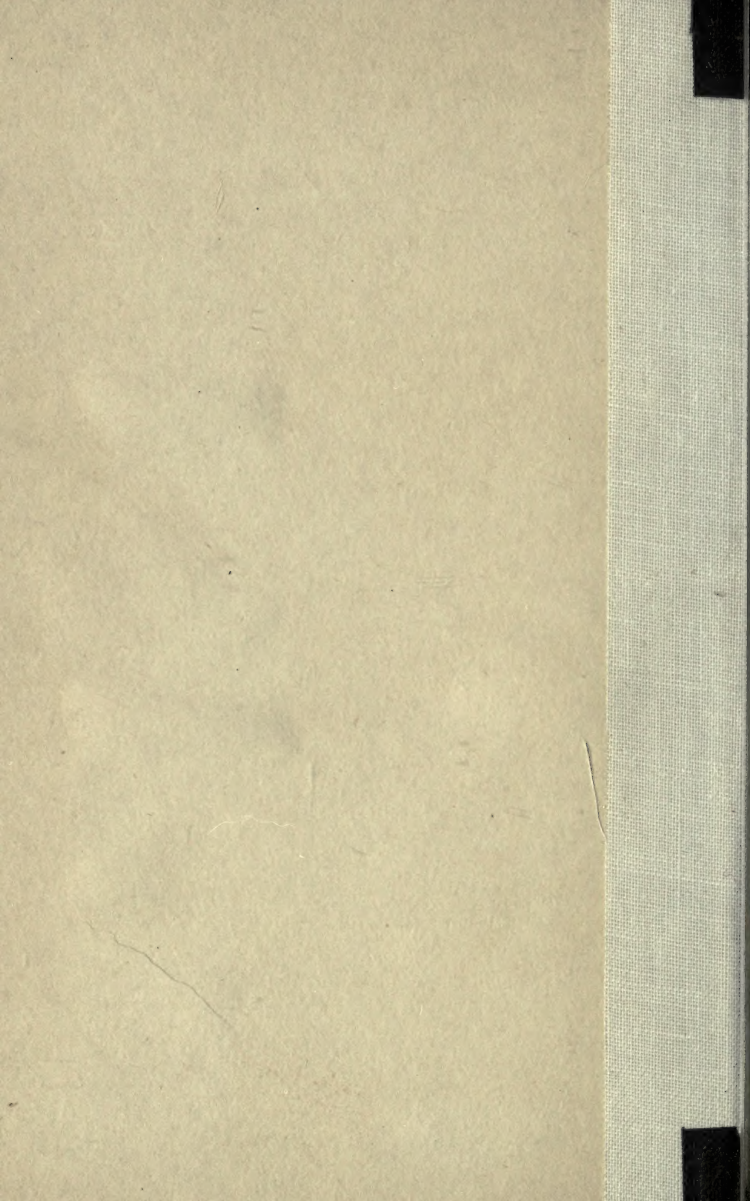
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PHOTO SHOWING INTERIOR OF HORSE-BOX

*Part of the Proceeds of the Sale of this Volume will
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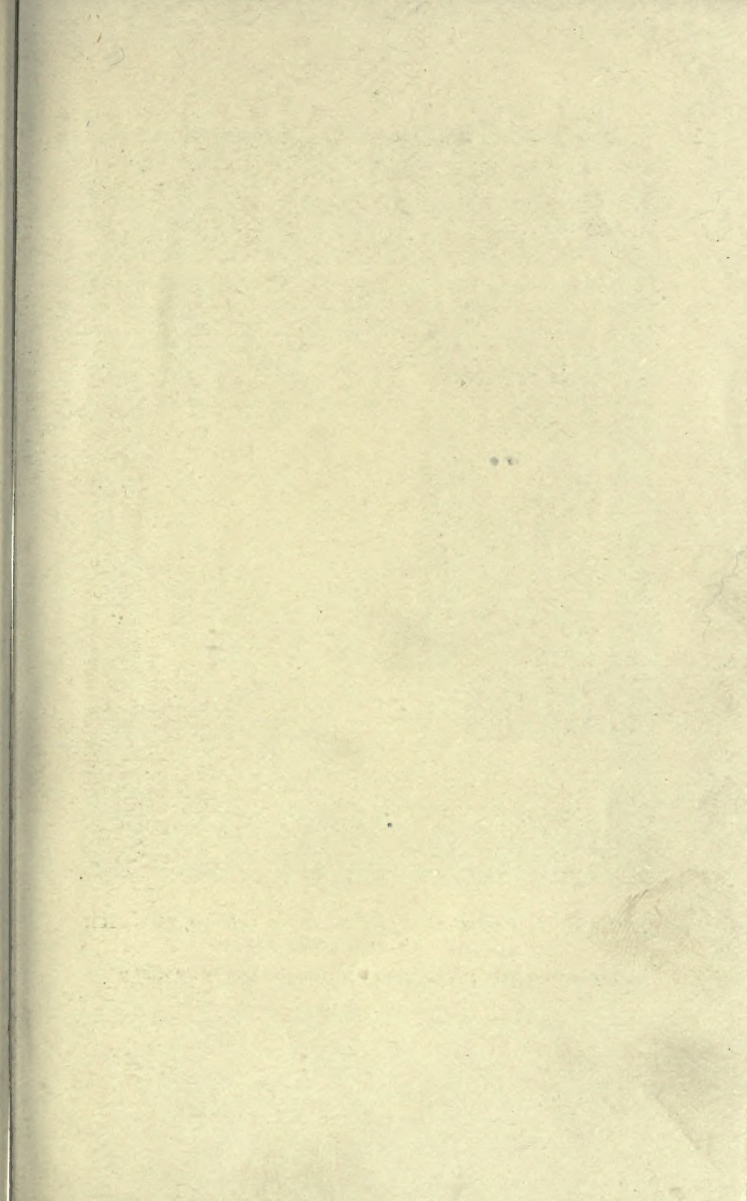
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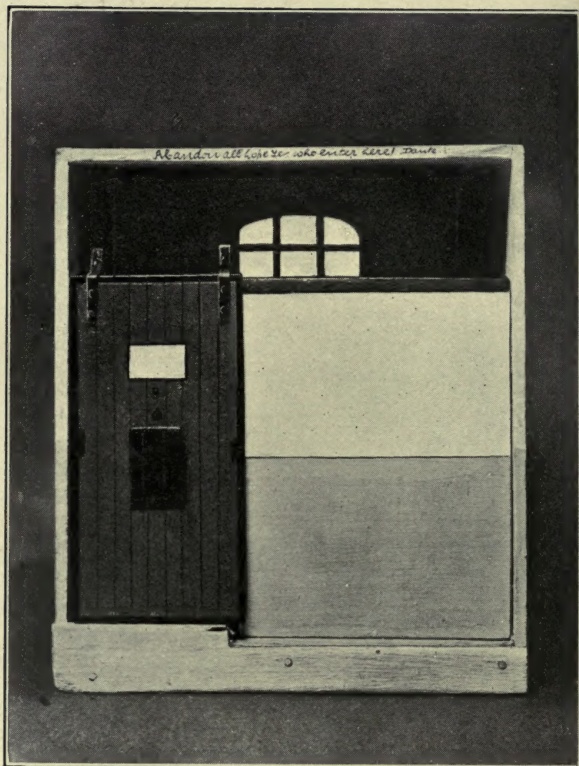


IN THE HANDS
OF THE HOME

IN THE HANDS
OF THE HUNS

*Part of the proceeds from the
sale of this Booklet will be
devoted to the funds of the*
BRITISH RED CROSS SOCIETY





EXTERIOR OF HORSE-BOX (NO. 8), BARRACK 10, IN WHICH
SIX ENGLISH PRISONERS SLEEP

The photo is from a model made and smuggled back by the Author

HMOD
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IN THE HANDS OF THE HUNS

BEING THE REMINISCENCES OF
A BRITISH CIVIL
PRISONER OF WAR
1914-1915

*Illustrated with Unique Sketches drawn by
Prisoners in Ruhleben Camp, and which
appeared in the "Camp News"*

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PUBLISHERS' NOTE

THE Author of this little book has placed the manuscript in the hands of the publishers, who have inquired into the authenticity of the narrative and can vouch for the truth of all the statements mentioned. Particular interest is attached to the photograph on the outside of the book, and that which forms the frontispiece, as they are actual photographs of a model made by the Author of a Horse-Box, and which he was able to smuggle out of Germany when his time for release came. Particular interest also attaches to the Appendix, in which extracts will be found from the magazine entitled *In Ruhleben Camp*, which is printed and published in the Camp,

PUBLISHERS' NOTE

the entire number being written by prisoners. The general tone of the Magazine is one of cheerfulness, but it is easy to see that underlying the whole is a vast amount of homesickness and sadness endured bravely by the unfortunates who are thus held in captivity.

For reasons that reprisals may be taken if persons are mentioned, all names have been suppressed both in the narrative and in the Appendix.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
PART I	9
Leaving England	13
Our Troubles Begin	15
Germany Begins to Act	17
Arrested	19
A German Cell and some German Soup	21
Change of Quarters	23
An Incident	26
In Germany's Biggest Prison	28
Our Daily Life	28
 PART II	 33
At Ruhleben	35
Our Food	39
Parcels from Friends	41
Communication with the Outside World	44
Illustration of the Loose-Box	46
Privileges	48
Attempted Escapes	50

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Prisoners' Health	51
A German Hospital	54
Some Incidents	58
 PART III	 61
Smuggled Newspapers	63
Recreation	66
Trading in Camp	70
The Profit-hunting German	72
Germany's Food Shortage	78
Released	82
 APPENDICES	
The Seven Ages of a Kriegsgefangener	87
Ruhleben according to Otto	90
Advertisements from the Camp Magazine	92
Physical "Kultur"	93
What Our Readers Think of Us	94

PART I

IN THE HANDS OF THE HUNS

PART I

TO appreciate fully the blessed freedom of life under the British Flag, and all that it means, one needs but a taste of the brutal system of Prussian militarism, or the dog-like treatment meted out in war-time to a hated Britisher who has the misfortune to fall into the hands of the disciples of "Kultur." To enjoy the sweet freedom of the protecting shores of England after months of confinement in a German prison may be likened unto the cooling draught that is proffered to a man suffering from a burning thirst in a sun-scorched desert. When I once

IN THE HANDS OF THE HUNS

more set foot on the hospitable shores of England, verily I could have stooped and kissed the dear, sweet soil—the heritage of a race of clean fighters and honest manhood.

But let me tell my story in the simplest way I possibly can. Let me put down the facts just as they happened, without any unnecessary colouring, and I think there will be found quite sufficient detail in the picture without having resort to any kind of literary pigment, if I may so describe it.

I could perhaps set down a harrowing tale, but I will confine myself, as I have said, to a mere recital of unvarnished truths, and leave those truths to make their own impression. In the course of this narrative I have carefully refrained from mentioning any names, and I am sure the friends who read this little effort will appreciate the reasons for my so doing.

IN THE HANDS OF THE HUNS

Leaving England.

It was on July 27, 1914, I, with my wife and my daughter, started from England on a motor tour through Holland *en route* to the Black Forest. We crossed at night to Rotterdam and had a delightful run through some of the quaint Dutch villages, and crossed the German frontier without any trouble. Anticipating an enjoyable summer holiday, we little thought what lay ahead of us within a few short weeks. When we arrived at Mainz, however, we very quickly realized that there was trouble brewing ; there was a sort of scent of disaster in the atmosphere. We, however, continued our journey until we reached Karlsruhe in Baden, when, to use a figure of speech, we fell into the net.

Germany had declared war. For a moment the awful news staggered us.

IN THE HANDS OF THE HUNS

We could hardly believe that the catastrophe which had been spoken and written about for years had really come to pass and the day of Armageddon had dawned. My first efforts were directed to an immediate return to England, so I garaged our 45-h.p. Mercédès and proceeded to the railway-station, to find, to my utter astonishment, that the issue of tickets to London was refused, all pleading and persuasion having not the slightest effect upon the hidebound German officials. It was impossible, absolutely impossible, to move them, and the only consolation held out to us was that if we chose to remain quietly in Karlsruhe until the transport of troops was completed we might then be able to return to England.

IN THE HANDS OF THE HUNS

Our Troubles Begin.

Not for a moment suspecting that Prussian orders had already been issued all over Germany that all roads, highways, and waterways were closed to foreigners, I succumbed to the inducement of the officials and my friends to make the best of a bad job and await eventualities. We had in the meantime taken rooms at the Germania Hotel, and it was here that our troubles began. Early on the morning of August 4 my chauffeur burst uncereemoniously into my room with the excited exclamation :

“ England has declared war, sir.”

The news did not stagger me ; I was somewhat prepared for it, for I had heard whispers since arriving in Karlsruhe which were quite sufficient to tell me that such a thing might occur at any moment. But I felt very

IN THE HANDS OF THE HUNS

uneasy. We were, so to speak, in the enemy's camp, and, being so, we knew that we should be subjected to Prussian militarism. We were, of course, made to give the fullest details in writing regarding our nationality, ages, etc., and to answer a perfect whirlwind of questions.

My wife occasioned me no small anxiety. Her health was not good at the time ; the situation in which we found ourselves and the worry of the whole business, coupled with the distinctly unpleasant treatment of the German people, who looked upon every foreigner as a spy, so preyed upon her that she became seriously ill, and remained under medical treatment for some seven weeks. It was not until October 2 that my wife recovered sufficiently to make the journey to England, accompanied by my little girl and her governess. I was devoutly

IN THE HANDS OF THE HUNS

thankful to know that she, at least, would be safe from the threatening dangers which those of us who were left knew we should have to face.

Germany Begins to Act.

Night and day I thought of all manner of schemes to cross the frontier of Germany into Holland or Switzerland, but so closely were we watched and the frontiers guarded that any attempt to escape was obviously futile. Then, on October 25, it was officially made known through the medium of the newspapers that unless England released the German civil prisoners who were claimed to be interned in England at Newbury, Olympia, and other places, reprisals would be taken and every Englishman throughout Germany would on November 6 be similarly treated. And Germany was as good as her word. On that fateful

IN THE HANDS OF THE HUNS

November morning the German military authorities rounded up every Englishman and so-called Englishman throughout the Fatherland. It was at 8.30 A.M. that a detective called upon me while I was still in bed, and calmly informed me that he held a warrant for my arrest! By this time I was quite resigned to anything that might happen, so I dressed, collected my belongings, and followed my conductor to the police-station, where I found ten other Englishmen, including my chauffeur, had already been "roped in." I marvelled at the apparent light-heartedness of my compatriots, and I recognized how true was the expression regarding the "phlegmatic Briton." Orders were read out by the Chief of Police to the effect that we would be taken to Ruhleben.

IN THE HANDS OF THE HUNS

Arrested.

Here I may mention that these orders provided, among many other things, that every one who was a fit subject for transport—in other words, any one who was able to walk or, being ill, was even able to crawl—was liable to the provisions of the order and would be arrested.

Our little party, accompanied by several detectives, was conducted to the prison at Karlsruhe, where we arrived at ten o'clock in the morning. I was accommodated in a little cell measuring five feet by seven feet, my only possession being my motor-rug. I had been stripped of everything else some time previously. In my cell was an uninviting ten-inch plank, assumably placed there for resting accommodation. Trying to make the best of things, I spread my rug on the stone

IN THE HANDS OF THE HUNS

floor and tried to snatch a little needed rest, and I had hardly settled myself when I was surprised by a visit from the jail-keeper, who gruffly informed me that it was against the regulations of the prison to sleep on the floor. After he left I made another attempt to settle myself in the same position, and was just congratulating myself that I might dose undisturbed when he again made his appearance and commenced to expostulate in his best German, thus: "Stehen Sie auf, Sie Hund!" ("Get up, you dog!") Such an expression naturally stirred my British bile, and I retorted that I was neither a thief nor a murderer, etc., whereupon he burst forth like a veritable volcano: "Nein, Sie sind ein verfluchter Engländer!" ("No, you are a *sanguinary* Englishman!") For the sake of the ears of my readers I substitute in italics a more gentle expression than the word used.

IN THE HANDS OF THE HUNS

A German Cell and some German Soup.

He continued to epithetize, then left my cell. The odour of that cramped apartment was the sweeter for his absence. How I got through the day I do not know. All I had with me was a ham sandwich, which I nibbled in small pieces to make the most of, and endeavoured to while away the time reading the prison regulations, which formed the only decorative effect in the cell. My compatriot in the next cell seemed to be occupying his time by briskly marching up and down his confined quarters, reminding all within earshot the while that it was a "Long, Long Way to Tipperary." Verily the sang-froid of some Britons is difficult to upset.

At this time I was getting ravenous, and when the jail-keeper came about midday with a bowl of soup, which he passed to me through a small trap-

IN THE HANDS OF THE HUNS

door, I seized it with avidity. I did not expect anything approaching the nature of a luxury, and so long as it was passably drinkable I didn't care. When one is a-hungered he cannot be too finicky. The first taste was enough. The liquid was absolutely awful—a decoction which I would not have given to the veriest cur. If I liken it to the greasy slops left after the dinner-things have been washed up I am really giving it a decent appearance and a suggested flavour which mayhap it didn't possess.

That evening I was fetched and taken to the prison hall, where the rest of my unfortunate compatriots had already been assembled. The object of the gathering was to listen to an address by the Governor—a typical German—fat, greasy, beery, and bursting with pride in his own importance. We were informed that, although we

IN THE HANDS OF THE HUNS

were inmates of the prison in a political sense, we had to observe strictly the prison regulations, any violation of which we were assured would meet with condign punishment, just as if we were ordinary jail-birds. Such was the sum and substance of the Governor's homily. He showed me a surprising degree of condescension, actually permitting me to have my chauffeur with me in my cell for the night. I was naturally delighted to have his company.

Change of Quarters.

Next day we were all taken to a large cell capable of accommodating twenty-five men. Attached to this cell was another where we could while away the day-time. I will only record here one comment regarding the sanitary arrangements: they were absolutely disgraceful, merely screened from

IN THE HANDS OF THE HUNS

view. Did I attempt to describe them fully, I fear I should but disgust my readers. Arrangements had been made with a restaurant to send into the prison our meals—breakfast, luncheon, and supper—and these were brought to us by some of the ordinary prisoners, who looked with longing glances at the food which they placed before us. The head jailer informed us somewhat confidentially that such luxuries had never before been allowed to enter the prison, and he was quite at a loss to understand why such privileges had been granted. Every afternoon at four o'clock we were allowed a thirty-minute exercise in the prison yard. We then numbered eleven.

A fresh experience awaited us on November 11. On this day we were taken to the railway-station and lined up on the platform, where the officer in charge informed us that any one

IN THE HANDS OF THE HUNS

attempting to escape would be shot. We were permitted to provide ourselves with eatables for the journey, and were hustled into the train, where we found sixty-nine of our fellow-countrymen, like us, bound for Ruhleben. In my carriage there were four soldiers fully armed to keep guard. We arrived at Heidelberg three hours after leaving Karlsruhe, and were lined up and escorted under guard across a field to a wooden barrack, where each man was provided with a bowl of "swill," misnamed "soup." We were then conducted back to the train and continued our journey to Berlin, which we reached after thirty-six hours! The usual time occupied on this journey is twelve hours and a half, which will give some idea of the dislocation in traffic which prevailed at this time. During the whole of the journey we were not allowed to leave the carriage

IN THE HANDS OF THE HUNS

or buy food or drink, and had it not been for the foresight on the part of some of us in purchasing eatables at the outset, many of our party who could not afford to provision themselves would have gone woefully hungry.

An Incident.

I may here refer to an incident which may be taken as typical of German hatred of the English. It occurred at Heidelberg Station. There were some young women acting under the Red Cross, who were dispensing drinks and sandwiches. I endeavoured to obtain a supply from one of them. As she was about to hand me the tray through the window one of the others stayed her : "Nein, hier nichts abgeben, das sind dreckiche Engländer! ("No, don't give any there, they are dirty Englishmen !")

IN THE HANDS OF THE HUNS

At last we arrived at Berlin at two o'clock in the morning, weary, tired, and miserable. We were shunted into a goods station somewhere outside the city, peremptorily ordered out and received by an officer, a cordon of police being drawn around us. This officer thus addressed us: "Die Cigarren aus ihren Sau Mäuler, Sie Schweinehunde!" ("Take the cigars out of your filthy mouths, you pig-dogs!") By this time we were getting accustomed to this genial form of address. Lined up four abreast, we were marched through the pelting rain to what we expected to be Ruhleben camp, many carrying their baggage. After one and a half hours' fatiguing drag we arrived at Plötzensee State Prison, the largest convict prison in Germany, where, after again going through the military lining-up business, we were relieved of all our belongings.

IN THE HANDS OF THE HUNS

In Germany's Biggest Prison.

Here some of our party were lodged in cells accommodating four, but I was fortunate enough to be placed in a large room with eighty-two others. This room contained small iron cubicles very similar in appearance to the cages at the Zoo. Every twelve of these cage-like cubicles were connected and locked together by an iron bar dropped into slots, rendering it impossible for any one to get out. This method was adopted the first night of our stay here, but through my intervention with the Governor of the Prison the cubicles were left open during the remainder of our internment.

Our Daily Life.

Most of our party, owing to the fatiguing thirty-six hours' journey, managed to sleep. I had little rest,

IN THE HANDS OF THE HUNS

exhausted though I felt. The place was infested with bugs. The faces of some of those who had slept were next morning literally covered with bites. On the matter being brought to the Governor's notice we were supplied with some chemical fluid to deal with the vermin, but this only proved partially efficacious. For the first three days prison fare only could be obtained.

I give here the menu :

Early morning : coffee ; this was made from acorns, and was served without milk or sugar. One slice of black bread was provided with this unpalatable liquid.

At midday, a bowl of skilly, made from such stale ingredients that maggots were by no means conspicuous by their absence.

At 6 p.m., more acorn coffee and another slice of black bread.

IN THE HANDS OF THE HUNS

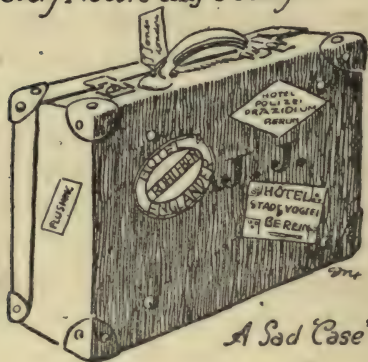
This was the sort of food served to the British civil prisoners of war, and it ill compared with the rations provided for the regular inmates. Things improved on the fourth day of our incarceration, when we were permitted to have supplies from outside, such as sausage, butter, cheese, etc., for which, of course, we had to pay heavily. Our exercise consisted of a twenty-minute spell in the prison yard morning and afternoon. There was much illness among us in consequence of the hardships undergone, several of my friends being in a particularly bad state of health. The British Consul in Heidelberg succumbed to heart-failure on the fifth day. I was with him when he died. For the first ten days we were given no opportunity of communicating either by word or letter with the outside world, so that none of our friends had the remotest idea regarding

IN THE HANDS OF THE HUNS

our whereabouts. On November 22 I wrote a letter to my wife, but this did not reach her until the end of December 1914; I afterwards learnt it was purposely delayed by the military authorities. Day after day brought hopes of release from this sordid environment. We even sighed for Ruhleben, where we knew we should have some fresh air to breathe. Anything to us was preferable to the awful oppressiveness of Berlin's great prison, and it was with feelings and wonderful relief when, on November 28, we were once more ordered out, lined up as usual, and marched in broad daylight through the streets of Berlin, greeted by the jeers of a Briton-hating populace. Thus did we make our way to the never-to-be-forgotten British concentration camp—Ruhleben.

PART II

Every Picture tells a Story!!!



A Sad Case

PART II

THE journey to the camp was a most disagreeable one ; we had to carry our baggage and trudge through a perfect morass. Our fellow-prisoners already there were a sorry lot to look upon ; their faces bore the unmistakable signs of the hardships and privations to which they were being subjected.

At Ruhleben.

Freely translated, Ruhleben means " Quiet life " ! No more appropriate name for it could possibly be thought of. Prior to the war it had been used as a trotting race-course, but had been hurriedly converted into an open-air prison with a holding capacity for

IN THE HANDS OF THE HUNS

five thousand men. It was a motley crowd. There were some sixteen hundred sailors, over one thousand so-called Englishmen, who were in reality sons of Germans who had been naturalized and who had resided in England for some few years in order to escape military service, about two hundred niggers, and quite a small sprinkling of natural-born British subjects.

Each man was given a sack, a towel, and a soup-bowl. The sack we had to fill with straw which we ourselves had to fetch. This formed our bed. My quarters were in the loft of stable No. 10, and I took up my "allotment" in a line with five other men, the position being facing the door leading to the yard. In this loft there were one hundred men sleeping, eating, and endeavouring to live. There were no beds whatever. The only light we

IN THE HANDS OF THE HUNS

enjoyed came through a few small windows such as are usually to be found in racing-stables of this description. At 6.30 A.M. a fat German soldier who was on guard walked through the loft shouting "Aufstehen" ("Get up") in tones one might use to a lazy hound. For ablutionary purposes we had to descend to the stable below, where there were two taps, from which three hundred and twenty men, including those who occupied the loose-boxes, drew their water.

At 7 A.M. we were all lined up in the pitch-darkness and conducted by the guard to the kitchen, a quarter of a mile distant, each man taking with him his soup-bowl. Here we were given a filthy liquid which went by the name of "coffee" and a chunk of bread. With this sumptuous repast we had to march back to our loft. After breakfast came the process of

IN THE HANDS OF THE HUNS

cleaning up our "quarters." The straw sacks were rolled up so as to leave a free passage. It may here be remarked that the loft, a small part of the grand stand, and the loose-boxes were the only means of shelter during bad weather. At such times I contented myself with sitting in the loft, for the grand stand was stiflingly overcrowded with the niggers and the riff-raff, most of whom were smoking the vilest of vile tobacco and rendering the atmosphere insufferable. On rainy days the grounds became a veritable quagmire, the mud and filth through which we had to wade sometimes being as deep as twenty inches.

During the first two months of my sojourn at Ruhleben no newspaper of any description was allowed in the camp. At the end of this period we were permitted a sight of the *B.-Z. am Mittag*. This is a middle-class

IN THE HANDS OF THE HUNS

paper published in Berlin. We were also allowed to see the *Continental Times*, a rag printed in English and containing such news as the Germans dished up for the consumption of their English-speaking prisoners. This paper also hailed from Berlin.

Our Food.

At midday we were again lined up, and with our pails marched once more to the "kitchen" to receive our dinner. This consisted of an evil-smelling mixture of either carrots, potatoes, turnips, red cabbage, and last, but not least, the national *Sauerkraut* (stale cabbage), and the tiniest portion of meat, which managed to lose itself in the delectable compound. We had to march back to quarters with this appetizing (?) meal, and after its consumption, if we had the pluck to eat it, take turns in visiting the tap with our

IN THE HANDS OF THE HUNS

pails to render them fit to hold the next repast.

To add to the joys of hungry men, when it was raining or snowing hard half an hour was spent in the journey to and from the kitchen through mire often knee-deep, and by the time we were served and back in our quarters the food was stone cold and uneatable. At five o'clock there was another journey to the "kitchen" for coffee and the famous "K" bread, which was composed chiefly of potato-flour, and at times contained a good deal of sand. The bread was exceedingly hard, and only an armour-lined stomach could possibly digest it. It was a sad experience for all but those blessed with the strongest of strong teeth.

About this time complaints regarding the food were frequent through the American Ambassador, and the quality was ultimately slightly im-

IN THE HANDS OF THE HUNS

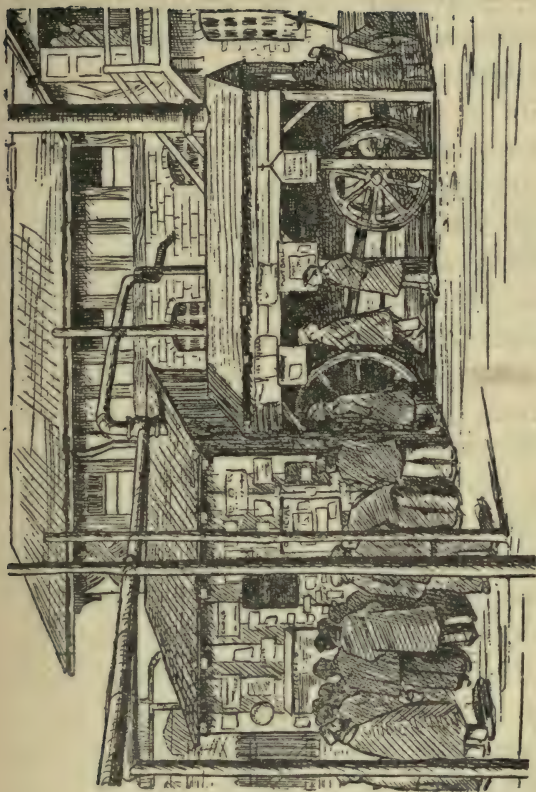
proved. To illustrate how badly the men were fed, Mr. Gerard, the American representative, on his first visit after six months of our incarceration, was plainly told by the men that they were starving. As he was being shown round the camp he was greeted with the shouts "We want bread," "We are starving." It was weeks after his visit that any improvement was noticeable; then we had bigger rations of bread, etc., and some very much-needed alterations in the sanitary arrangements were made. Even then the latter were beyond description—filthy to a degree, and totally inadequate for over four thousand men.

Parcels from Friends.

It was a joyous day when we were allowed to receive parcels from our friends. Some of the prisoners volunteered to distribute these parcels, of

IN THE HANDS OF THE HUNS

which as many as fifteen hundred per day were at times given out. In front of the parcel office men would form themselves into a queue and wait for hours, often in the pouring rain. Many were turned away disappointed, while others had but a trifling piece of cake, which was a mockery at the hunger they were enduring. Many stringent measures were adopted by the military authorities, such as the prohibition of cakes, chocolate, sweets, and other little luxuries. All parcels were opened by a soldier and the contents carefully scrutinized, and the articles I have enumerated were meanly confiscated. On my birthday a cake was sent to me, but the authorities, with that refined kind of cruelty in which they seemed to take keen joy, simply showed it to me, that was all. One of the officers of the camp was an ill-humoured beast, and would often order



The Boiler-House and Camp Bill-Posting Station
A Drawing from the Camp Magazine

IN THE HANDS OF THE HUNS

the stoppage of all parcels for no apparent cause other than the love of tantalizing.

Communication with the Outside World.

We were now permitted to correspond with the outside world, but our communications were limited to two post cards per week, and after some months we were allowed to send one post card one week and two letters during the month. A very strict check was kept, which rendered it difficult to exceed this number. The post cards and paper were printed with lines, the former being ruled with nine lines, and it was strictly forbidden to write between lines. Despite an order that no reference to the conditions of life in the camp was allowed, I contrived my correspondence in such a way as to enable my friends to read between the lines. I managed on

IN THE HANDS OF THE HUNS

several occasions to smuggle an extra letter out of the camp. Other prisoners did the same, until at last the practice became so frequent that several prisoners were eventually discovered sending an extra letter to wife or sweetheart. For this "terrible offence," as it was characterized by the authorities, the culprits were taken to the "Stadt Vogtei Prison" in Berlin and there incarcerated for from ten to thirty days. In Barrack No. 11 special cells were provided, the sole piece of furniture being a plank of wood measuring four feet six. These cells were continually occupied by men sentenced to seventy-two hours' "arrest." The Commander pronounced sentence indiscriminately for the most trivial offences.

After weeks of existence in the loft I was able to find room in Box No. 8 of the same barrack, where I remained

IN THE HANDS OF THE HUNS

until November 6, 1915. There were four more men besides myself in this loose-box, which I illustrate.

Illustration of the Loose-Box

The dimensions of this box were ten feet by fifteen feet. The floor was concrete and the stone walls were whitewashed. As is shown in the illustration, three beds were placed on top of each other to the right and left of the box. In the centre are a table and five stools. My luggage was always intact, as owing to lack of space I could not unpack my belongings. Every time I required some article of clothing I had to bring my boxes out, search for what I required, and again stow the boxes away. In the box illustrated we had to sleep and eat, as no other accommodation was to be had at Ruhleben. The life in this box, as well as in the loft, when bad weather

IN THE HANDS OF THE HUNS

prevented our going out was a most mind-racking experience. The mental depression and physical debility brought about by these circumstances were indescribable. As I sat sometimes reading a book in this nerve-shattering habitation, I often recalled some words spoken to me two days before I was arrested by a German lawyer : “ *Don't worry ; we Germans don't treat people like the English are treating our men. You have read of their treatment in the papers. You know, we are the highest cultured nation in Europe, and therefore you will have every comfort and humane treatment at Ruhleben. Of this I am quite sure.* ” I wonder what my friend the lawyer will say when he has read my booklet and the numerous articles and pamphlets written by my fellow-sufferers at Ruhleben ! When the German people know the truth of it all, what a rude awakening theirs will be !

IN THE HANDS OF THE HUNS

Privileges.

There were a few who were accorded the privilege, on the camp doctor's certificate that the food supplied by the authorities was likely to prove injurious to their health, of taking one or two meals at the casino. The term "casino" must not be confused with the casinos one finds at Trouville, Aix-les-Bains, or other fashionable resorts. Our "casino" was a third-rate German beerhouse. One side was allotted to the soldiers and the other to the invalids and a few favoured prisoners. The food obtained here was of very poor quality, but by comparison with the camp food it might be described as luxurious. Towards the end of my time there the prices ruled very high. A meal cost about three shillings, and the portions were so small that I often finished as hungry as I began. It

IN THE HANDS OF THE HUNS

consisted of a plate of soup, usually uneatable, a tiny piece of meat with either red cabbage or turnips or some other vegetable smothered with garlic, and one potato ; a spoonful of stewed fruit, or a piece of cheese cut as thin as a wafer. The smallness of the portions was attributed to the shortness of food-stuffs all over Germany. No bread was supplied at this " restaurant," every man having to bring his own. The strictest surveillance was kept at the entrance to the " casino," and every " guest " who was allowed the privilege of its use could not enter until the exact time was recorded upon his pass, and he was compelled to leave punctually on the expiration of one hour. Any violation of this order entailed in some instances seventy-two hours' " arrest," and not infrequently the forfeiture of the " casino " pass. The officers in the camp also took their

IN THE HANDS OF THE HUNS

meals in this "casino" in a special room on the first floor.

Attempted Escapes.

Several attempts to escape, and in some instances successful attempts, have been made. The last attempted escape was made by two men, who, by the way, had cleverly arranged their plan with the aid of the soldier on duty in their barrack. They succeeded in getting to within two miles of the Dutch frontier, where they were caught and brought back. As a result they were placed in solitary confinement in one of the prisons in Berlin. Following the incident we were all lined up in front of each barrack and informed by the officer of what had happened. We were told that as a measure of precaution a double guard would be placed all round the camp, and, in future, any man who attempted

IN THE HANDS OF THE HUNS

to escape would not be tried before a military court but would be immediately shot.

Every morning the soldier in charge had to go from box to box and through the lofts and count the men. This process was repeated in the afternoon, when all were lined up in front of the barracks, no consideration being given to weather conditions. Sometimes we were kept standing for half an hour. There was another roll-call about nine o'clock, at which hour we were all supposed to retire.

Prisoners' Health.

The general health of the camp was fairly good, but there were several cases of German measles, bronchial catarrh, and minor ailments. Our greatest trouble was vermin. Some of the men were literally alive. For some considerable period, every evening at

IN THE HANDS OF THE HUNS

nine o'clock the order was given by the captain that all infested with vermin should report themselves to the doctor in the morning. A consultation with the resident doctor was one of the greatest ordeals. This individual was a brutally callous and inhuman fiend. Men desirous of interviewing this worthy (and there were great numbers at times) had to line up outside and wait their turn. It often meant a wait of three hours, and what this meant to those who were suffering great pain can be imagined. On entering the doctor's room he would probably be found dressing some wound, and without washing his hands he would examine the next man. There were nearly always twelve crowded in his room waiting their turn, and as he only had the assistance of a junior, it was impossible for him to give proper attention to all who came to him in daily in-

IN THE HANDS OF THE HUNS

creasing numbers. For instance, a man suffering from meningitis, lung disease, or any other complaint would be sent back to his "cubby-hole" (bed) with a dose of aspirin! A hospital in connexion with the camp was used for the more serious cases. I was very thankful that I had the good fortune to steer clear of this, for according to some of my friends who were confined there for weeks, the place was a living hell. All the men who were taken there were placed in one large room, the "nursing staff" consisting of two soldiers, whose supposed duty it was to look after the whole of the patients. These men paid practically no attention to their charges and were woefully ignorant regarding the duties they were there to perform. Many of the patients grew much worse through this lack of proper care and stood a very poor chance of recovery. One par-

IN THE HANDS OF THE HUNS

ticular friend of mine put up a small notice on the wall bearing the following quotation from Dante :

“ Abandon all hope, ye who enter here.”

A German Hospital.

A request was often made by some of the patients for permission to consult a specialist, but, like all other requests, this was flatly refused with the curt suggestion that they should “ wait till the end of the war.” When I consulted the doctor one morning, telling him plainly that I could not eat the food provided at the camp, he examined me and graciously gave me a “ pass ” for the casino. I naturally thanked him, but my expression of gratitude only brought forth the fierce retort, “ I don’t want your thanks. When I came here I left all my sentiment at home, and am here to do my duty only.” Truly the hatred of the

IN THE HANDS OF THE HUNS

English had sunk deep into the heart of the Teuton.

One night a poor chap in the next box to me had an epileptic fit, and one of our men sent the soldier for the doctor. Word came back that this worthy would come and see him in the morning ! Three weeks afterwards this man, who was about forty years of age, died. I could relate many sad cases. Men suffering and who had been under medical treatment for years were kept prisoners although they were obviously totally unfit subjects for internment. On the 6th of each month a very few of these invalids were sent back to England. The largest number was on November 6, when I was fortunate enough to be included. Altogether one hundred and ten men were released, of whom sixty-five were niggers !

During the month of April about

IN THE HANDS OF THE HUNS

eighteen men who had been employed in banks before the war were allowed to return to Hamburg. They formed a merry party, and on the journey celebrated their release by indulging in a champagne dinner. The following day all the German newspapers printed letters of indignation from many of the passengers on that train at the unwonted and unseemly jubilation of the "dirty Englishmen," roundly blaming the authorities for permitting such levity. From the time these men arrived in Hamburg an organized press propaganda was carried on, having for its object the re-arrest of these men, it being urged that it was scandalous that Englishmen should be at large while the Germans were receiving such barbarous treatment in England. This press campaign impressed the people to such an extent that the poor unfortunate bank clerks were brought back



Laundry Van Collecting the Weekly Wash
A Drawing from the Camp Magazine

IN THE HANDS OF THE HUNS

to Ruhleben after three weeks' liberty. There was no champagne luncheon on the return journey !

Some Incidents.

I remember one of the party whom I knew telling me that the people of Hamburg had developed a vicious hatred of anybody and anything English. This man, who attended a dinner at a well-known financial magnate's house in Hamburg, joined in a very heated conversation with the hostess. She assured him that her one aim in life was to pay another visit to England, when she hoped to have the opportunity of sitting upon the ruins of Westminster and gloating over the wreck of what once had boasted of being the centre of the world. I was assured that this lady was one of the most brilliant women in Germany ! She was a staunch believer that the

IN THE HANDS OF THE HUNS

Kaiser would one day be crowned "King of Europe" !

An amusing little incident took place on the Kaiser's birthday. In the middle of the camp a flagstaff had been erected. One of the sailors proceeded to cut the hoisting cord. When this was discovered the officers were simply furious. They had the fire-bell rung ; all the prisoners were collected and lined up in front of the barracks, and were in turn addressed by the commanding officer. He was livid with rage, and imposed upon us the punishment of being locked up for the rest of the day. Any one requiring to go outside had to wait for a dozen to collect for the same errand, and then they had to be under escort. Furthermore, we were forbidden to write any letters or post cards for ten days.

On another day two men were holding a conversation about the Kaiser.

IN THE HANDS OF THE HUNS

A soldier overheard them, and they were promptly conveyed to a prison in Berlin to undergo solitary confinement for an indefinite period. To the best of my knowledge they are still in durance vile.

PART III

PART III

AFTER a few months the authorities permitted representatives of the two leading Berlin newspapers, the *Berliner Tageblatt* and the *Vossische Zeitung*, to pay a daily visit to the camp. These papers published news that was well known to everybody (except the Germans) to be absolutely false and misleading. As a matter of fact the suppression of the truth is the chief aim of the German newspapers.

Smuggled Newspapers.

After a little time a very ingenious plot was hatched. A soldier was suborned to procure a copy of the *Daily Telegraph*. For this service he received 100 marks (£5). The paper was then

IN THE HANDS OF THE HUNS

loaned for the sum of 1s. for a twenty minutes' perusal, and six men in a box would subscribe 2*d.* each for the privilege. The organizer employed men to collect and deliver the paper, and thus in this way it was passed round the camp. By this means I was kept *au courant* with the news, and it was most diverting to compare the reports of the German papers, served up piping hot and well seasoned with colossal lies. We gained this way a slight knowledge of the actual position of things, and this greatly buoyed us up. But the authorities soon got wind that English newspapers were being brought into the prison and tried every means in their power to discover the offender, but up to the date of my release they had not succeeded in their quest. Such papers as *Le Figaro*, *Seccola Serra*, *Russian Times*, *Nowoje Wremja*, and others found their way to some of the prisoners

IN THE HANDS OF THE HUNS

concealed in the false bottom of a biscuit-tin or in the lining of a coat sent to them.

Visits to the camp were now only allowed under very special conditions. Women were never admitted—not even the wives, mothers, or sisters who lived in Germany and whose relatives were there interned. On one occasion the wives of two prisoners came as far as the gate and endeavoured to get a moment's conversation, or even a glance of their dear ones. The sentry on duty reported the incident to the commanding officer, whereupon the latter went himself to the gate and exclaimed, "Scheren Sie sich zum Teufel!" ("Go to the devil!") The weeping women turned sadly away. But the commandant was not satisfied. He sent for the two husbands, demanding to know why they invited their wives to come to the gate. The men

IN THE HANDS OF THE HUNS

explained they had not done so, but notwithstanding their denial, made in all good faith, they were ordered to the cells in Barrack No. 11 for seventy-two hours' solitary confinement. Thus were the innocent punished for the well-intentioned and perfectly natural desire of their nearest and dearest to have speech or even sight of them.

Recreation.



We could not, of course, have existed without some kind of recreation, and this took the form of sports and entertainments—educational, musical, and dramatic. The favourite game was football, but there were many devotees of boxing, cricket, hockey, tennis, and gymnastics. There were several professionals amongst us, and sports were organized in the most proficient manner by them. It was a most exciting day when a football match or a cricket

IN THE HANDS OF THE HUNS


match was arranged to be played between two barracks for prizes presented by the captains. We had all too little break in the monotony of our lives, and the teams competed with the utmost zeal, and I do not think that keener sport could have been witnessed anywhere. Of course it was not until the spring that the race-course permitted of any kind of sport, and when its use was permitted for the purpose a very limited period only was allowed to us. We had to be most circumspect, as the commander on the slightest pretext would immediately order the closing of the race-course entirely. He was a model martinet. Many an innocent game was suddenly stopped for a mere whim. If you were showing a too whole-hearted enjoyment, that seemed sufficient to put the "cap" on it. We also got up some form of entertainment or other, and, considering our sur-

IN THE HANDS OF THE HUNS

roundings and facilities, some surprising results were achieved. We formed an orchestra of some forty men and gave promenade concerts of quite a classical character. A stage was erected in the grand stand and plays by Shakespeare, Bernard Shaw, Oscar Wilde, Galsworthy, and others were performed. The make-up of the men who took the female parts was wonderful; the dresses made in the camp were the most ingenious productions and would not have shamed Willie Clarkson, bearing in mind the lack of material to hand. All the "props" were made by the prisoners from the most limited resources. The wigs were got into the camp from Berlin by special permission. Among the plays produced which proved most successful was the *Count of Luxembourg*. Highly successful was a variety entertainment we gave, which included a revue entitled *Don't Laugh*.


 Row, B.
 Stall. № 1
 April 30th,
 6 o'clock. *Sharp*


Stalls № 8
 ROW-D
 May 14
 Left
 REVUE

Stalls №. 29
 Right
 July, 26th
 60


ACTUAL REPRODUCTIONS OF THE TICKETS FOR
 "RUHLBEN THEATRE"

IN THE HANDS OF THE HUNS

The words and music were written by two of the prisoners. The men who took the women's parts in this revue simply "brought down the house." Their "get-up" was immense. I shall always remember our jolly little "sing-songs"; they were the sweet cases in a desert of misery. It is really wonderful what talent can be found even within the sordid confines of a prison encampment.

Trading in Camp.

After many months we erected booths alongside the barracks, and we inaugurated a canteen where could be obtained eatables such as ham, bacon, eggs, butter, margarine, etc. We installed a cobbler, a tailor, a watchmaker, a hosier, and an athletic outfitter; and also a booking-office for the "theatre," a lost property office, a newspaper stall, and even a police-station. The little

IN THE HANDS OF THE HUNS

thoroughfare in which these "shops" were situated was named "Bond Street." Then we also had a street known as King William Street, where we had a library and a tobacco-store. Here often would be seen a long queue of one or two hundred men waiting to be served with the fragrant and comforting weed. Some ingenious individual hit upon the idea of the formation of the R.X.D., *i.e.* the Ruhleben Express Delivery. To this a staff of well-trained "errand boys" was attached. They wore a red armlet, and used to go round the barracks each day collecting orders. Their payment was one halfpenny in the shilling. This innovation greatly increased our limited comforts. The men who ran the "delivery company" also put up throughout the camp small letter-boxes fashioned out of cigar-boxes, and by this means a regular hourly postal

IN THE HANDS OF THE HUNS

service was maintained within the camp. To show how sadly we needed something to do, we used to write letters to each other. A man living only twenty yards away from a friend would exchange letters merely for the sake of diversion.

The Profit-hunting German.

There was, of course, some profit from the sales of provisions, etc., and this was set aside for a relief fund. The authorities, seeing how well we managed our "business" and scenting a likely source of revenue, permitted the continuance of our shopkeeping proclivities on a basis of $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., our men still being left in charge. This commission on sales naturally greatly reduced the benefits of our "relief fund." As time went on greater facilities were accorded us. We were permitted to erect wooden sheds out-

IN THE HANDS OF THE HUNS

side the barracks, which were used as clubs. I was a member of the "Twenty-five Club," an edifice which held about twelve men. If all the members had turned up at a meeting there would have had to have been an "overflow." Wonderful to relate, we managed to procure one or two baize-covered tables and many an enjoyable game of cards and dominoes I have played on them. The club was really only a shed, but it was somewhere to go to in wet weather. The ventilation was certainly defective, and you knew it too when pipes were brought forth and all commenced to smoke vilely strong tobacco. The authorities refused our request for heating arrangements, so the "club" could not possibly be used in the cold weather. We had a steward, however, who could make an excellent cup of Bovril, coffee, or tea. He naturally came in for considerable

IN THE HANDS OF THE HUNS

patronage. Other clubs were also started. There were the "Corner House," the "Snobs'," the "Den," and the "Elite"—all of which were more or less successful. "Fashionable Teas" were given on the birthdays of members and on other special occasions. Some of these functions were very sociable, the provisions being cakes, tea, biscuits, etc., all received in parcels from home. Some of the forms of invitation were rather amusing. I received one from a friend on a sheet of toilet-paper bearing the typewritten message, "Mr. requests the pleasure of the company of Convict to tea at 3 o'clock at No. 10 Stable. R.S.V.P." Elections provided us with a further pastime. A proclamation was issued by the "Mayor of Ruhleben" to all citizens in the "Borough of Ruhleben" to elect Members of Parliament. There was great

IN THE HANDS OF THE HUNS

activity. The Liberal and Conservative members harangued us ; posters were issued and mass meetings took place—in fact, everything was done to attract the men and catch votes. We were getting on nicely when the commander stopped the whole thing. He failed to see the joke. This lack of humour seemed to be characteristic of the Teuton temperament.

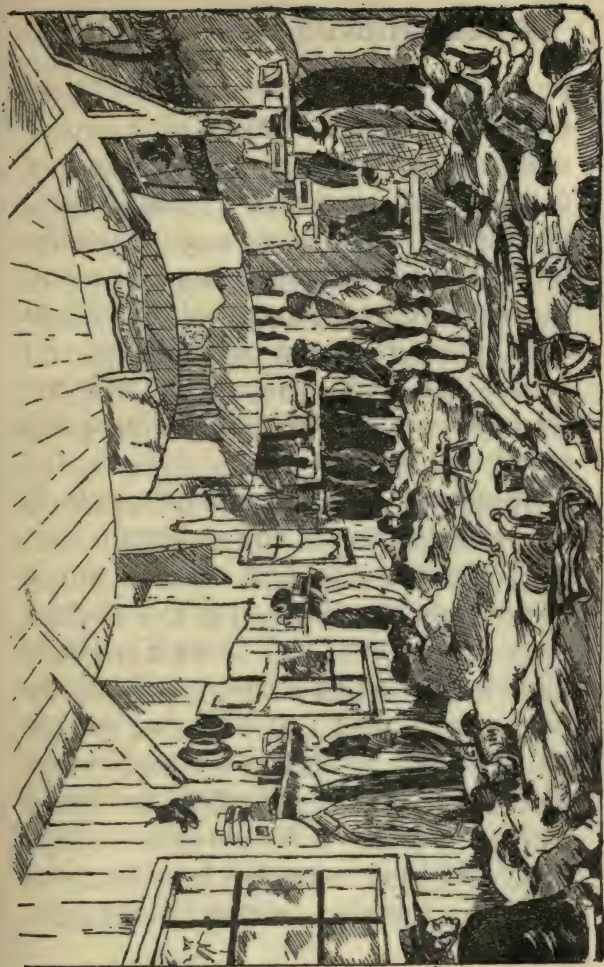
How we welcomed the advent of brighter weather ! When warm days came we were able to procure deck-chairs and sit about the “ cage ” outside the barracks or in front of the grand stands. Once or twice a week our orchestra would play in the open, and we would sit there listening and trying to forget our sad lot for a while.

Day after day brought its crop of rumours, and hardly a day passed without the invention of some impossible story regarding the release of

IN THE HANDS OF THE HUNS

prisoners by a certain date. There seemed to be a section of rumour-mongers in our midst who took a delight in inventing "authentic" reports. These would circulate quickly round the camp, raising hope in many breasts but being accepted by others with plainly shown incredulity. So passed the days, the weeks, and the months, each day bringing its hope of a speedy release.

Christmas Day was spent much as any other day with the exception that each prisoner received a small bottle of beer and a packet of toffee. A good many of us arranged little Christmas dinners in our respective stables, as we had been lucky enough to receive parcels from home. Imagine the joy of some of us on opening these parcels and finding them to contain turkey, plum-pudding, mince-pies, cakes, and in some cases even crackers !



One of our "Lofts"
An Actual Drawing done by a Prisoner in Ruhlben

IN THE HANDS OF THE HUNS

Germany's Food Shortage.

Early every morning the camp cart went to market at Spandau to bring in provisions. This cart was drawn by some of the prisoners, under guard. On some occasions a hostile mob would storm the cart, shouting, " Why should we starve and you have all this food ? " At such times more soldiers had to be added to the guard to protect the provision-cart, and not infrequently the mob had to be forcibly dispersed. This will give some idea of the scarcity of food-stuffs prevailing in the Fatherland. It may hardly be believed, but I state it as a fact that many times we gave bread and other things to the soldiers to send home to their wives and children ! Some of the workmen employed on the drainage in the camps were delighted to receive food from our kitchens, assuring us that it was more

IN THE HANDS OF THE HUNS

than they got to eat outside. Women used to approach the barbed-wire fencing at the back of the barracks and beg for bread.

It may be interesting to record here that the majority of the sailors interned at Ruhleben had been prevented from leaving Cuxhaven. They had been taken off their ships as early as July 26, 1914, and placed on the hulks and kept there until November 6. As England did not declare war until August 4 the German authorities imprisoned these men days before the outbreak of hostilities. The experience of these men while they were on those vermin-infested hulks beggars description. They had practically no food, so when they were brought to Ruhleben it was luxurious by comparison. Among them were boys of fourteen and old men of sixty-nine.

IN THE HANDS OF THE HUNS

One of the non-commissioned officers, a good specimen of the Prussian bully, on one occasion called out the guard and ordered them to level their rifles at us, shouting the while that unless we adhered strictly to the rules there would be a little lead let off, and perhaps that would be an earnest of what we might expect if we tried to kick over the traces. This happened after the discovery that a letter had been smuggled out of the camp under the censor's nose. This letter contained some true facts regarding the treatment of the men in Ruhleben.

A hot bath was a luxury to dream about. This we enjoyed once a week, when each barrack would be taken separately and, under escort, conducted to the Emigration station, where there was a room to hold about twelve. This bathing arrangement exists at every German prison.

IN THE HANDS OF THE HUNS

In these experiences I have endeavoured to avoid the slightest tendency to exaggerate. That the statements I have made and the facts I have given do not err on the side of romance may be proved by any one who has read, or cares to read, the report sent by Mr. Gerard, the American Ambassador at Berlin, to Sir Edward Grey after the official visit to the men's camp at Wittenberg and the officers' camps at Würzburg, Weissenburg, and Halle.

The report is prefaced with the following remarkable statement :

“ My whole impression of the camp authorities at Wittenberg was utterly unlike that which I have received in every other camp I have visited in Germany. Instead of regarding their charges as honourable prisoners of war, it appeared to me that the men were regarded as criminals for whom a

IN THE HANDS OF THE HUNS

regime of fear alone would suffice to keep in obedience. All evidence of kindly and humane feeling between the authorities and the prisoners was lacking, and in no other camp have I found signs of fear on the part of the prisoners that what they might say to me would result in suffering for them afterwards."

Released.

Here I close my experiences and turn to the happy event of my release. This came rather suddenly, although my wife and friends had been striving for months to obtain my discharge. It was on November 6, 1915, at seven o'clock in the morning that one hundred and ten of us were ordered out and lined up in the yard. The commander addressed us, impressing upon us the advisability of not talking about the camp or the treatment we had received there, as doing so would only

IN THE HANDS OF THE HUNS

result in reprisals on the prisoners who remained at Ruhleben. This was said with considerable emphasis. Having eased his mind of this threat, he issued his orders, and a company of soldiers escorted us to Spandau Station, where we entrained for the German frontier—Goch. We were not allowed to leave the train the whole journey, not even for the purpose of purchasing refreshment, and had it not been for the food which some of us brought with us, we should have had a bad time for the sixteen hours the journey took.

Arriving at Goch, our luggage was overhauled, and every man was taken to the general room, where he was made to undress and a careful personal examination was gone through. We bore this indignity as best we could. It was here that my diary, cheque-book and papers of little or no importance were taken from me. Six hours after

IN THE HANDS OF THE HUNS

this final ordeal we shook the dust (or dirt) of Germany off our feet and entered the Dutch train *en route* for Flushing.

I was free! It is impossible to describe my feelings. I had an inclination to laugh, cry, shout, and dance all at once. I could hardly realize that I was once more at liberty after a whole year of the most demoralizing hardships and privations a man could suffer. Seated in a first-class carriage, surrounded once more by civilization's luxury, the past twelve months seemed to be a horrid dream. Flushing was reached early on the morning of November 7. How sweet was the sniff of the salt, salt sea! How the very breeze seemed to whisper to the heart to cheer up! And then the sight of Old England's shores! God! how good it was to behold them, to see a welcome in the glance of each honest

IN THE HANDS OF THE HUNS

British face ! Then London — dear, dirty, murky old London ; how vilified at times and yet how fondly loved !

At last the meeting of my wife and friends at Fenchurch Street Station. But this was another sort of experience and must not be chronicled with those which fell to me as

A BRITISH CIVIL PRISONER OF WAR.

The following extracts are taken at random from the magazine "In Ruhleben Camp," which is written and published entirely by the prisoners. Great difficulty is experienced in getting these magazines out of Germany, as they are always confiscated from such prisoners who are so fortunate as to obtain their release. The Author, however, succeeded in bringing away five numbers.

APPENDICES

From "In Ruhleben Camp"

THE SEVEN AGES OF A KRIEGS- GEFANGENER

ALL the world's a cage,
And all the men within it weary players ;
They have no exits, only entrances,
Where each spends many months ere he
departs.

At first the New-comer,
With china bowl and palliasse of straw,
And apprehensive mien, as who should say
" What cruel lot has Fate for me in store ? "
And then the Student, with his cloth-bound
Otto,

For foreign languages are now his motto,
Alleviates the woes of his position
By laying up a store of Erudition.
He seeks the shining morning hours to pass
With verbs irregular and der, die, das ;

IN THE HANDS OF THE HUNS

Upon the Promenade he daily walks,
And with his Tutor French or German talks.
Next comes the Lover, a lead-pencil biting,
A weekly card to his loved one inditing ;
Reflect on this ye Dorothies and Daisies
When you peruse your lover's fiery praises
Nor start, Angelic Doras, Claras, Flossies
When blushing you look upon those
crosses !

The Mariner next comes upon the view,
His uniform and language both are blue,
A British sailor, broad of beam and bearing,
Full of strange oaths that seamen call
endearing ;
From Leith and Cardiff, Hartlepool and
Hull

He comes, and finds life here most passing
dull ;

Ye Landsmen pause, ye innocents be chary,
Lest you provoke his rich vocabulary !
Lo here ! the Captain, badged and awe-
inspiring,

In discipline and duty never tiring ;
The world he looks upon with scornful pity,
Alone, unaided by the Camp Committee ;
Superior to men of common clay,
He gains in self-importance every day.

IN THE HANDS OF THE HUNS

The Rumour-Monger now takes up the text,
His soul by every foolish outcry vexed ;
The news that he dispenses freely one day,
Is contradicted flat the following Monday ;
And last of all before we drop the curtain
Upon the scene where life is so uncertain
Comes he who, patient, waits upon the
Stage,

Nor uninstructed seeks to read the page ;
Well knowing that the day will come when
he

Will once again be numbered with the Free ;
Resigned to all each passing day he views
Sans Cash, Sans Clothes, Sans Liberty, Sans
Views !

— . — . — .

RUHLBEN ACCORDING TO OTTO

*(A Reader has extracted the following from his
Otto-Sauer Grammar)*

TIME does not always fly.

If you are ill you will receive some aspirin.

The black crow of the soldier has eaten three cherries, one boot-lace, and a soup-spoon.

The fortunate man will receive many parcels.

Half a race-course is better than no bread.

The captain is excessively proud, but nobody knows the reason.

I shall return (fut. indef.) to my parents with much pleasure.

The alley-way is unpleasant, but the loft is worse.

The banker has returned from Hamburg ; he will not drink any more champagne.

If you attend the lecture you will sleep well.

IN THE HANDS OF THE HUNS

There are many bottles but no beer.

On the trousers of Charles there are many patches.

The impudent prisoner said that he would like to see the Balance Sheet (balance des comptes, f.). He is certainly a presumptuous person.

In the Camp there arose a few ducks but many ducks' eggs.

My brother Charles says that we shall soon go.—Your brother Charles is a liar.

The badge of the London and Home Counties gentlemen will make an acceptable present to the men of Somerset and Cumberland.

He set out for Barrack 11 with the soldier and stayed there three days.

My aunt has sent me one hymn-book, two Woodbines, and a lead-pencil.

If I had more Relief Money I should purchase more medals.

Bank Holiday Attractions

ARTS & SCIENCE SOCIETY on the Third Grand
Stand at 7 a.m. MR. STARBOARD HARRY
will deliver the A. S. S. popular Weekly Lecture
MUSIC AND THE CALCULUS

Sinopsis

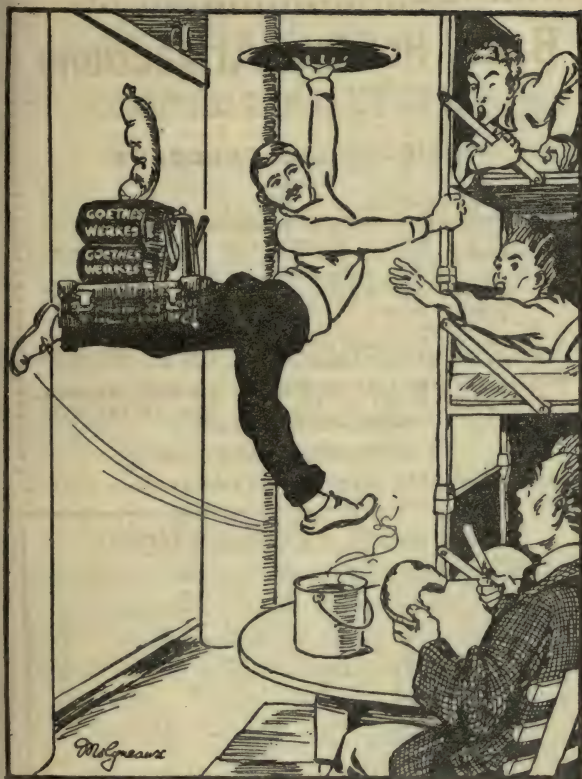
- a) The Mathematical Basis of the Music of the Future
- b) The Second differential of the National Anthem
- c) Should the Tone scale be based on the Egmgangnear or Logarithmic Spiral
- d) How to play on the first positive pedal of a parabola
- e) The "limiting value" and "equation to the curve" in the music of Xzzlos, Drdrynts, Stritzmaggiwürfel and others of the Bequadractic Music
- f) Elimination of the Tune as shown in the Modernist School, Addla, Kossut, D'Ail, Boky, Movarren.

**THIS LECTURE WILL BE ILLUSTRATED BY SELECTIONS FROM
THE MASTERS' WORKS ON THE SLIDE RULE, PATENT INTEGRATOR
AND PANTOGRAPH.**

Bring your own smelling-salts.

PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENTS

- "WHAT A WOMAN OF 45 OUGHT TO KNOW" by "Lobster"
C.o Clothes Stores. 6s. net. Eveleigh Nash.
- "SHORTS" — A Novel by A. Sunbather. 6s. net. Cassel & Co.
- "THE SECRET HISTORIES OF THE CAPTAINS' OFFICE,"
by Francis Gribble (Bar. 7) 25s. Eveleigh Nash.
- "STAGE TECHNIQUE — HOW TO AVOID IT" by Hatfield,
2 vols. Edition de Luxe, full Morocco. £5 5s8d. Nelson Library.
- "THE NIGHT LIFE OF PARIS" by Prichard. Paper covers.
1s. George Newnes.
- "THE SECRETS OF A NICE 'AM SANDWICH", by Fitzpatrick.
Half-leather. £1 1s.
- "THE ETHICS OF LINING UP" by Butchart (Brochure) 2d.
- "CRICKET & HOW TO PLAY IT" by O'Hara Murray. C. D.
Fry Publishing Co. 9d.
- "IN DARKEST CELLS" by Wilm. Halpin. Police Budget
Publ. Co. 6d.
- "GOLF by SIMS" Barrack 10. Manning & Co. £1 1s.
- "HOW I MET MAUD ALLAN" by Barney Griffen. Health &
Strength Library M 1.—.



Physical "Kultur"

An Illustration from "In Ruheleben Camp"

WHAT OUR READERS THINK OF US

From "In Ruhleben Camp"

(The following are extracts from a few of the many p.c.'s received in response to our appeal for helpful criticism and suggestions)

" I LIKES your Journal very well, my dear. I bought up six copies at 20 Pfg. each at 8 o/c and retailed them at 10 o/c after the edition was sold out at 40 Pfg. each. Cent per cent. Eh what !—Yours,

" A. SILBERSTEIN, Bar. 6."

" You will be pleased to hear, no doubt, that we have decided to give your admirable little paper a place on our Reading Room table, will you therefore let us have half a dozen copies specially bound.

" ' MEMBER, THE WINTER HOUSE.' "

" MY DEAR SIR: On looking through your periodical, I saw to my astonishment several pages on which my name is not even

IN THE HANDS OF THE HUNS

mentioned. Now do buck up and see this doesn't occur again, there's a good fellow.

" R. DE L'EHR."

" DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I like ' In Ruhleben Camp ' very much. If you publish this letter it will be my first time in print. Thanking you in anticipation. Yours sincerely,

" CONSTANT READER.

" P.S. I have read every number from the start."

" I consider the magazine too flippant in character and too much space is allotted to lurid descriptions of mere exhibitions of physical prowess. One of my young friends (Mr. Ackel Ight) has written the enclosed charming essay ' Does barbed wire fix a limit to the range of one's imagination.' You would be well advised to print this for it will raise the tone of your misguided periodical.

" P. REE. SHARD."

" HONoured MISTER: What I've got ter say is this 'ere. Your paper's alright as far as it goes, but it don't go no farther

IN THE HANDS OF THE HUNS

than a blamed Mother's Meeting Report. What us chaps wants is something sporty and spicy. What about Latest Betting News? What about tips for the Cricket Championship? Ain't there no blooming Scandal in this ere Camp? Why, s'help me, theres a bloke what spars in Barney's Ring, that has the neatest left in Ruhleben and I aint so much as seen his name mentioned in your pappy rag. Yours disgustedly,

"NO MAMMY'S DARLING."

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